TOMB OF DRACULA
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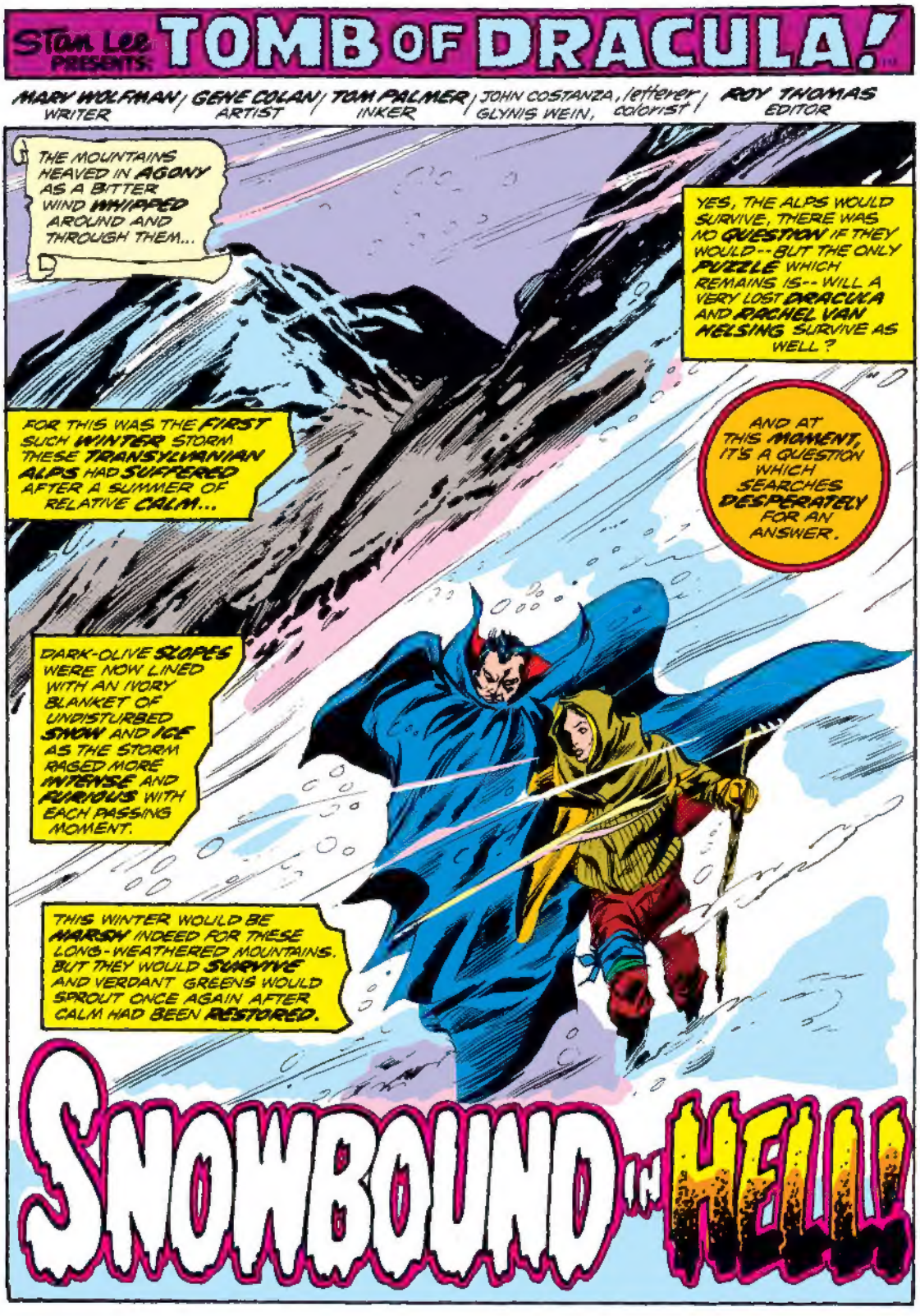
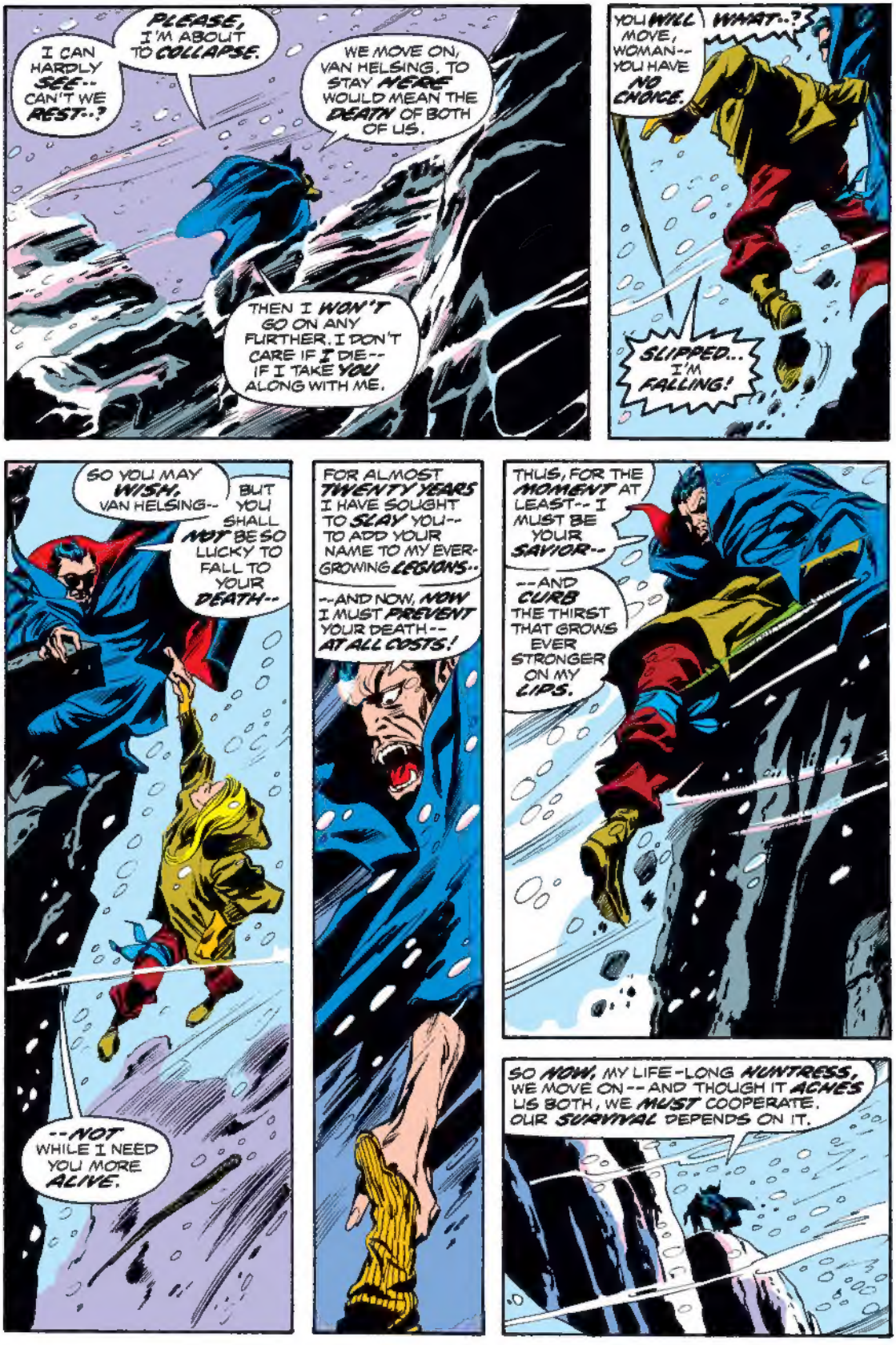
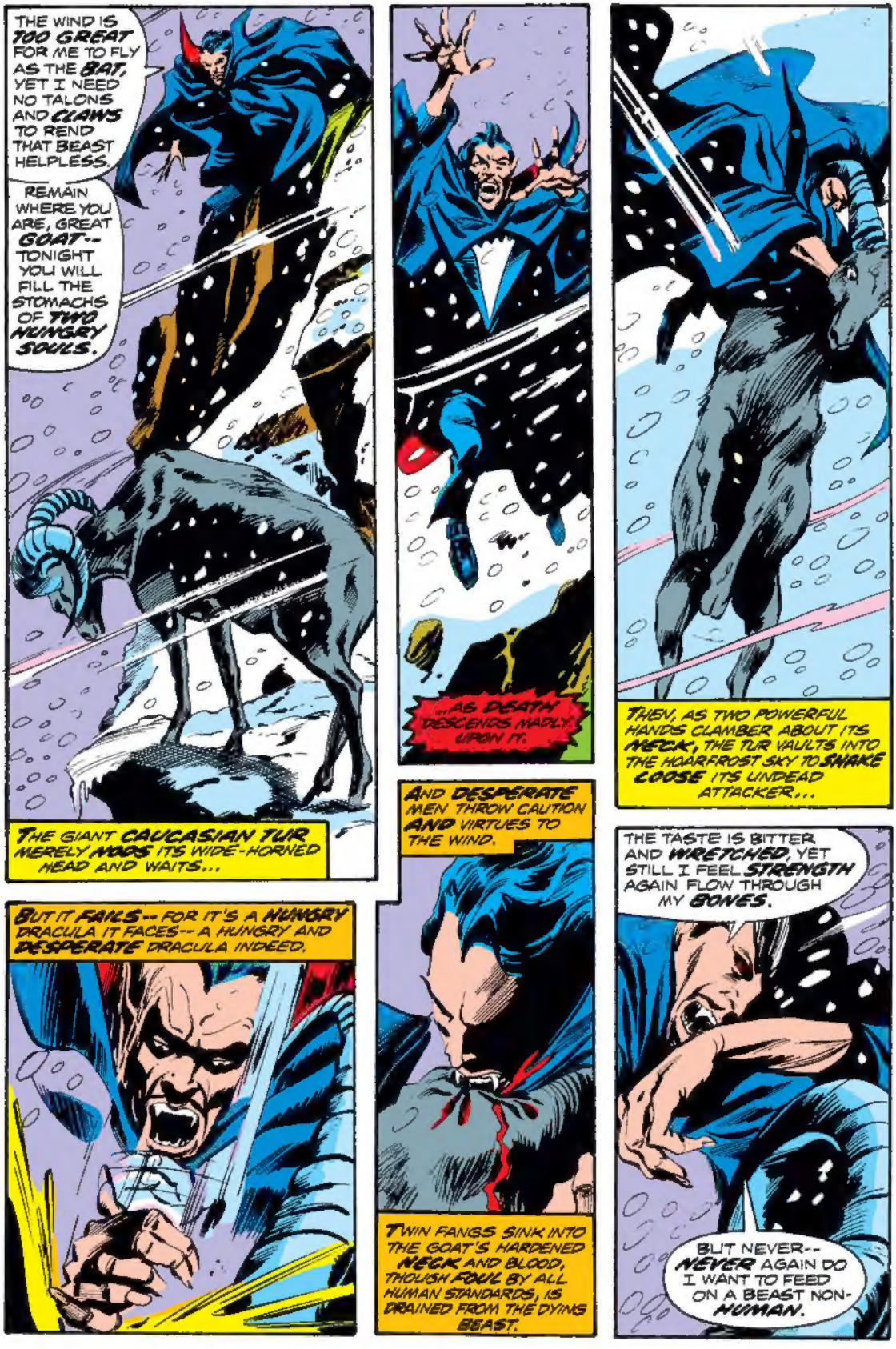
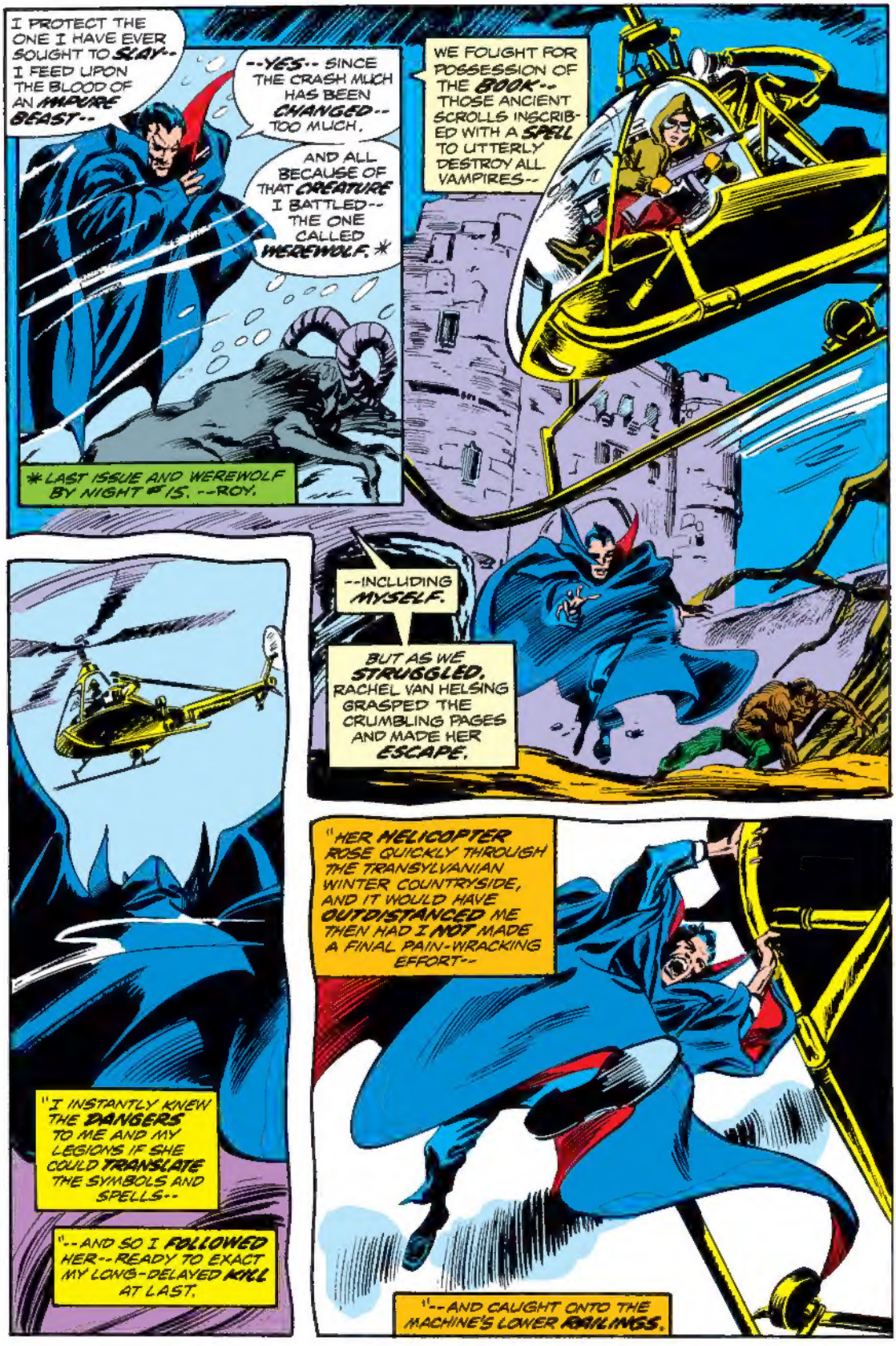
THE TOMB OF DRACULA™
SO--YOU'RE AWAKE, DRACULA! BUT, YOU'VE AWAKENED TOO LATE--
--TOO LATE TO STOP THIS WOODEN STAKE FROM PLUNGING INTO YOUR HEART!!
THE SUSPENSE SHOCKER OF THE YEAR!
SNOWBOUND in HELL!

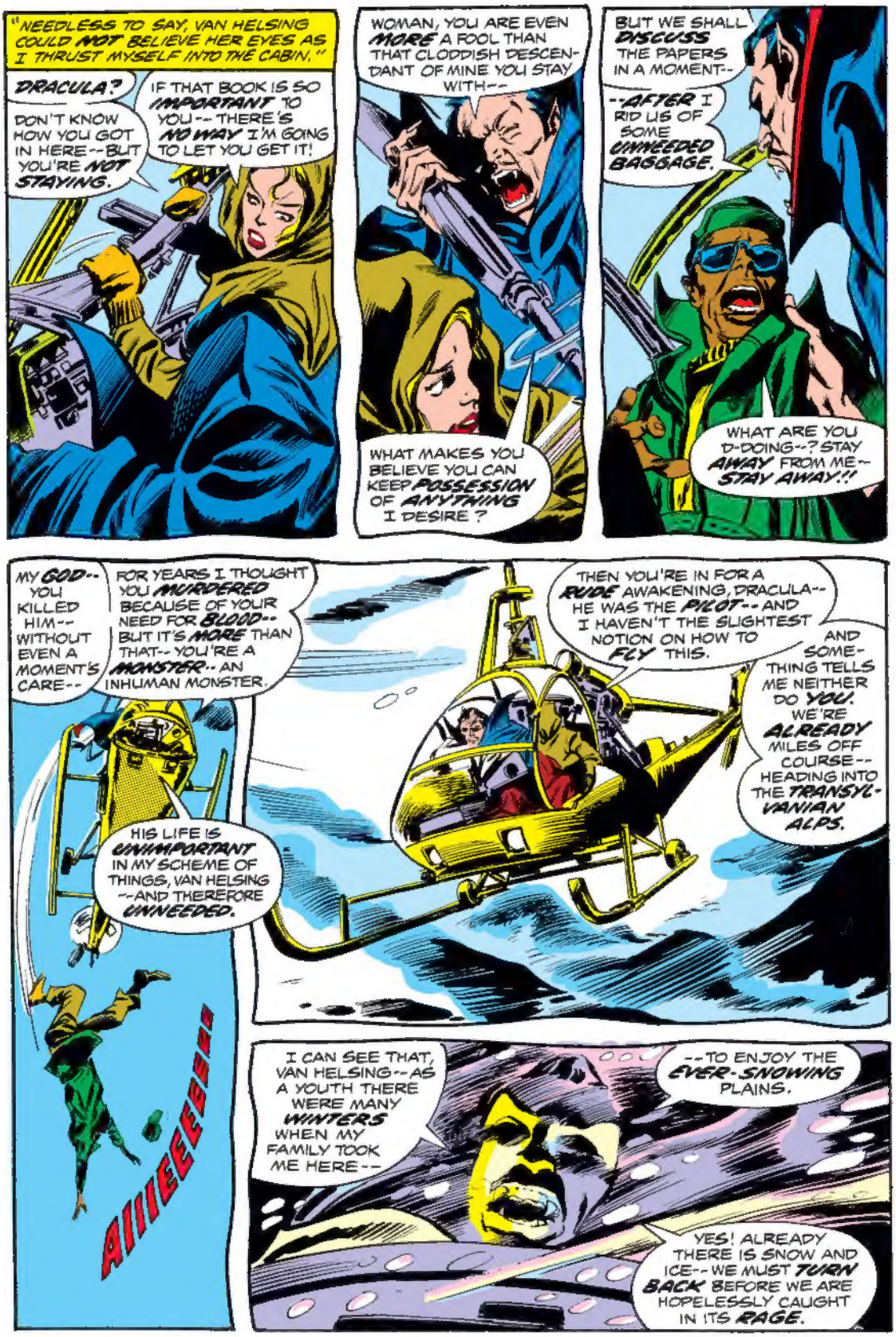

Stan Lee PRESENTS: TOMB OF DRACULA!
MARV WOLFMAN / WRITER
GENE COLAN / ARTIST
TOM PALMER / INKER
JOHN COSTANZA, GLYNIS WEIN, / letterer colorist /
ROY THOMAS / EDITOR
THE MOUNTAINS HEAVED IN AGONY AS A BITTER WIND WHIPPED AROUND AND THROUGH THEM...
YES, THE ALPS WOULD SURVIVE, THERE WAS NO QUESTION IF THEY WOULD--BUT THE ONLY PUZZLE WHICH REMAINS IS--WILL A VERY LOST DRACULA AND RACHEL VAN HELSING SURVIVE AS WELL?
FOR THIS WAS THE FIRST SUCH WINTER STORM THESE TRANSYLVANIAN ALPS HAD SUFFERED AFTER A SUMMER OF RELATIVE CALM...
AND AT THIS MOMENT, IT'S A QUESTION WHICH SEARCHES DESPERATELY FOR AN ANSWER.
DARK-OLIVE SLOPES WERE NOW LINED WITH AN IVORY BLANKET OF UNDISTURBED SNOW AND ICE AS THE STORM RAGED MORE INTENSE AND FURIOUS WITH EACH PASSING MOMENT.
THIS WINTER WOULD BE HARSH INDEED FOR THESE LONG-WEATHERED MOUNTAINS. BUT THEY WOULD SURVIVE AND VERDANT GREENS WOULD SPROUT ONCE AGAIN AFTER CALM HAD BEEN RESTORED.
SNOWBOUND IN HELL!


I CAN HARDLY SEE-- CAN'T WE REST--?
PLEASE, I'M ABOUT TO COLLAPSE.
WE MOVE ON, VAN HELSING. TO STAY HERE WOULD MEAN THE DEATH OF BOTH OF US.
THEN I WON'T GO ON ANY FURTHER. I DON'T CARE IF I DIE-- IF I TAKE YOU ALONG WITH ME.
YOU WILL MOVE, WOMAN-- YOU HAVE NO CHOICE.
WHAT..?
SLIPPED... I'M FALLING!
SO YOU MAY WISH, VAN HELSING--
BUT YOU SHALL NOT BE SO LUCKY TO FALL TO YOUR DEATH--
--NOT WHILE I NEED YOU MORE ALIVE.
FOR ALMOST TWENTY YEARS I HAVE SOUGHT TO SLAY YOU-- TO ADD YOUR NAME TO MY EVER-GROWING LEGIONS..
--AND NOW, NOW I MUST PREVENT YOUR DEATH-- AT ALL COSTS!
THUS, FOR THE MOMENT AT LEAST-- I MUST BE YOUR SAVIOR--
--AND CURB THE THIRST THAT GROWS EVER STRONGER ON MY LIPS.
SO NOW, MY LIFE-LONG HUNTRESS, WE MOVE ON-- AND THOUGH IT AGHES US BOTH, WE MUST COOPERATE. OUR SURVIVAL DEPENDS ON IT.

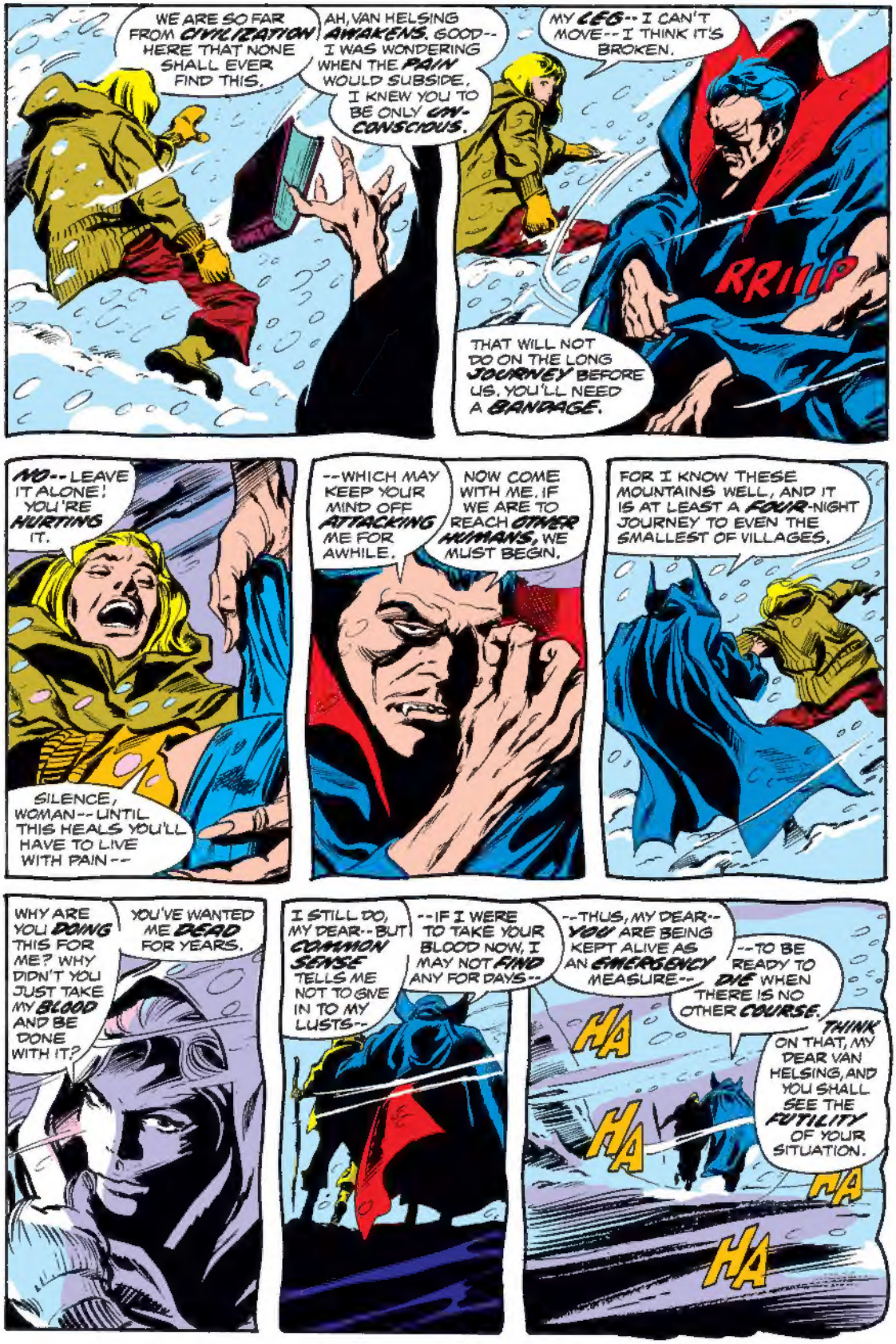
HOW LONG THEY TREK AIMLESSLY THROUGH THE ENDLESS BLIZZARD NO ONE CAN SAY--
--AND HOW MANY OPEN CAVES THEY BLUNDER BLINDLY PAST BEFORE THEY FIND THIS ONE, AGAIN ONLY A GOD OR A HELL-WROUGHT DEMON COULD KNOW...
I HAVE PREPARED A FIRE FOR YOU, VAN HELSING-- REST BY IT QUIETLY. YOUR HURTS WILL SOON PASS.
WILL THE BROKEN BONES HEAL THEMSELVES TOO, DRACULA?
THE INJURIES ARE YOUR FAULT, MY DEAR. I BANDAGED THEM AFTER THE CRASH--
--THE SPEED WITH WHICH THEY MEND THEMSELVES IS NO LONGER MY CONCERN.
I PROVIDE YOU WARMTH, COMFORT--AND SHORTLY--FOOD. WHAT ELSE COULD YOU WANT?
WHAT I'VE SOUGHT FOR ALL THESE YEARS, DRACULA-- YOUR FINAL AND EVER-LASTING DEATH.
I OWE YOU-- FOR THE COUNTLESS HORRORS YOU'VE COMMITTED AGAINST ME-- TO MY FAMILY-- TO THE WORLD!
AND EVEN IF I MUST FORFEIT MY OWN LIFE, I'LL SEE THE DAY THAT YOU'RE LONG DEAD AND BURIED.
HARDLY, MY DEAR-- YOU CAN BARELY STAND ON THAT FOOT, LET ALONE FIGHT ME.
NO, I'D SAY FOR NOW, YOU WILL SIMPLY DO AS I COMMAND TO SAFEGUARD YOUR SELF AS LONG AS POSSIBLE.
I BELIEVE YOU MODERN HUMANS CALL THAT 'SELF-PRESERVATION'?
AH, I SEE YOUR DINNER HAS FINALLY ARRIVED, MY DEAR.
PARDON ME, PLEASE, WHILE I TEND TO IT.

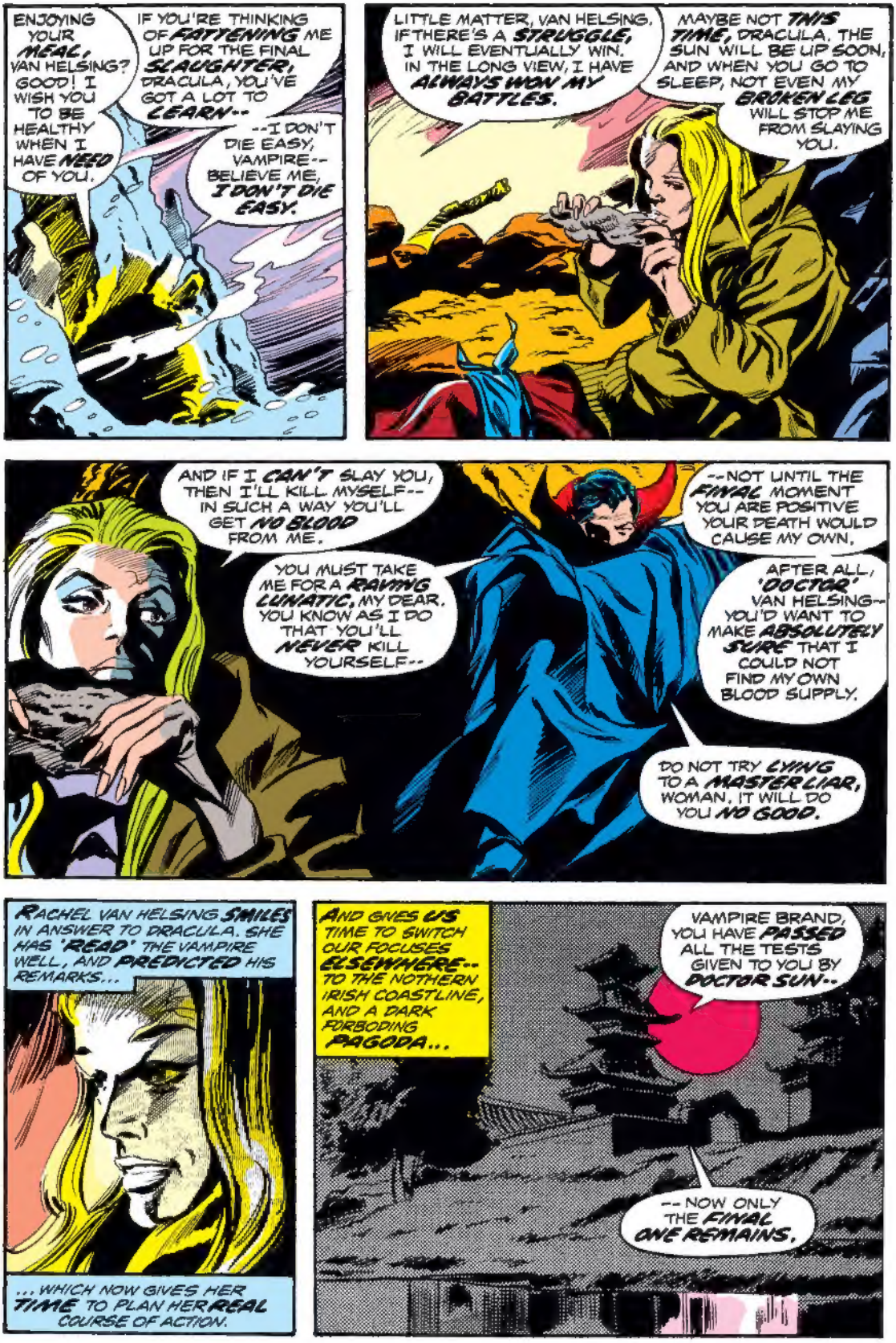

THE WIND IS TOO GREAT FOR ME TO FLY AS THE BAT, YET I NEED NO TALONS AND CLAWS TO REND THAT BEAST HELPLESS.
REMAIN WHERE YOU ARE, GREAT GOAT-- TONIGHT YOU WILL FILL THE STOMACHS OF TWO HUNGRY SOULS.
THE GIANT CAUCASIAN TUR MERELY MOOS ITS WIDE-HORNED HEAD AND WAITS...
...AS DEATH DESCENDS MADLY UPON IT.
THEN, AS TWO POWERFUL HANDS CLAMBER ABOUT ITS NECK, THE TUR VAULTS INTO THE HOARFROST SKY TO SHAKE LOOSE ITS UNDEAD ATTACKER...
AND DESPERATE MEN THROW CAUTION AND VIRTUES TO THE WIND.
BUT IT FAILS-- FOR IT'S A HUNGRY DRACULA IT FACES-- A HUNGRY AND DESPERATE DRACULA INDEED.
TWIN FANGS SINK INTO THE GOAT'S HARDENED NECK AND BLOOD, THOUGH FOUL BY ALL HUMAN STANDARDS, IS DRAINED FROM THE DYING BEAST.
THE TASTE IS BITTER AND WRETCHED, YET STILL I FEEL STRENGTH AGAIN FLOW THROUGH MY BONES.
BUT NEVER-- NEVER AGAIN DO I WANT TO FEED ON A BEAST NON-HUMAN.


I PROTECT THE ONE I HAVE EVER SOUGHT TO SLAY-- I FEED UPON THE BLOOD OF AN IMPURE BEAST--
--YES-- SINCE THE CRASH MUCH HAS BEEN CHANGED-- TOO MUCH.
AND ALL BECAUSE OF THAT CREATURE I BATTLED-- THE ONE CALLED WEREWOLF. *
* LAST ISSUE AND WEREWOLF BY NIGHT #15. --ROY.
WE FOUGHT FOR POSSESSION OF THE BOOK-- THOSE ANCIENT SCROLLS INSCRIBED WITH A SPELL TO UTTERLY DESTROY ALL VAMPIRES--
--INCLUDING MYSELF.
BUT AS WE STRUGGLED, RACHEL VAN HELSING GRASPED THE CRUMBLING PAGES AND MADE HER ESCAPE.
"I INSTANTLY KNEW THE DANGERS TO ME AND MY LEGIONS IF SHE COULD TRANSLATE THE SYMBOLS AND SPELLS--
"--AND SO I FOLLOWED HER-- READY TO EXACT MY LONG-DELAYED KILL AT LAST.
"HER HELICOPTER ROSE QUICKLY THROUGH THE TRANSYLVANIAN WINTER COUNTRYSIDE, AND IT WOULD HAVE OUTDISTANCED ME THEN HAD I NOT MADE A FINAL PAIN-WRACKING EFFORT--
"--AND CAUGHT ONTO THE MACHINE'S LOWER RAILINGS.


"NEEDLESS TO SAY, VAN HELSING COULD NOT BELIEVE HER EYES AS I THRUST MYSELF INTO THE CABIN."
DRACULA?
DON'T KNOW HOW YOU GOT IN HERE--BUT YOU'RE NOT STAYING.
IF THAT BOOK IS SO IMPORTANT TO YOU--THERE'S NO WAY I'M GOING TO LET YOU GET IT!
WOMAN, YOU ARE EVEN MORE A FOOL THAN THAT CLODDISH DESCENDANT OF MINE YOU STAY WITH--
WHAT MAKES YOU BELIEVE YOU CAN KEEP POSSESSION OF ANYTHING I DESIRE?
BUT WE SHALL DISCUSS THE PAPERS IN A MOMENT--
--AFTER I RID US OF SOME UNNEEDED BAGGAGE.
WHAT ARE YOU D-DOING--? STAY AWAY FROM ME--STAY AWAY!!
MY GOD--YOU KILLED HIM--WITHOUT EVEN A MOMENT'S CARE--
FOR YEARS I THOUGHT YOU MURDERED BECAUSE OF YOUR NEED FOR BLOOD--BUT IT'S MORE THAN THAT--YOU'RE A MONSTER--AN INHUMAN MONSTER.
HIS LIFE IS UNIMPORTANT IN MY SCHEME OF THINGS, VAN HELSING--AND THEREFORE UNNEEDED.
AIIIEEEEEE!
THEN YOU'RE IN FOR A RUDE AWAKENING, DRACULA--HE WAS THE PILOT--AND I HAVEN'T THE SLIGHTEST NOTION ON HOW TO FLY THIS.
AND SOMETHING TELLS ME NEITHER DO YOU. WE'RE ALREADY MILES OFF COURSE--HEADING INTO THE TRANSYLVANIAN ALPS.
I CAN SEE THAT, VAN HELSING--AS A YOUTH THERE WERE MANY WINTERS WHEN MY FAMILY TOOK ME HERE--
--TO ENJOY THE EVER-SNOWING PLAINS.
YES! ALREADY THERE IS SNOW AND ICE--WE MUST TURN BACK BEFORE WE ARE HOPELESSLY CAUGHT IN ITS RAGE.

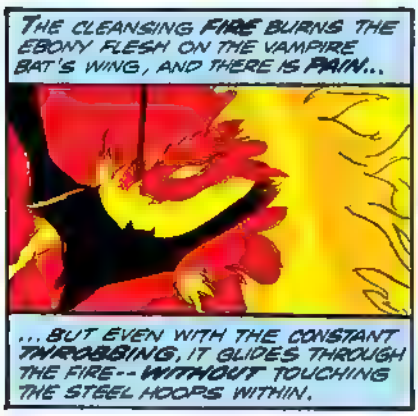
AND HOW ARE WE GOING TO ACCOMPLISH THAT, DRACULA? I TOLD YOU I'M NOT A PILOT!
THEN WE SHALL SIMPLY CRASH--
--AND THOUGH I SHALL SURVIVE, MY DEAR--I DOUBT IF YOU WILL.
CURSES! I CAN BARELY SEE THROUGH THE STORM--BUT I STILL KNOW WHAT LIES DIRECTLY BEFORE US--
BRACE YOURSELF, WOMAN, AND WE SHALL SEE IF THE FATES ARE KIND TO YOU THIS NIGHT.
"I HAD FOUGHT WITH MAN AND BEAST FOR ALMOST 500 YEARS, BUT ALWAYS BEFORE I WAS FREE TO BATTLE--TO ATTACK--
"--BUT NOW I WAS A SLAVE--A HELPLESS VICTIM, AS THE GIANT HELICOPTER SMASHED INTO A GREAT WHITE PEAK WHICH SUDDENLY JUTTED BEFORE IT.
"AND THOUGH I WAS NEARLY IMMORTAL, EVEN I FEARED SOMEWHAT THE CONSEQUENCES OF THE COLLISION.
KREEAMMM!
"THOUGH IT WAS A NEEDLESS FEAR, FOR...
I LIVE--AS ALWAYS BEFORE, I SURVIVE WHERE OTHERS PERISH.
BUT--
--THE BOOK--THE CAUSE OF ALL THIS MADNESS...
YES, THE SPELLS ARE HERE--BUT IT LITTLE MATTERS NOW IN THIS DESOLATE WILDERNESS...
ODD HOW THINGS THAT ONCE WERE IMPORTANT SUDDENLY CAN LOSE THEIR VITALNESS.

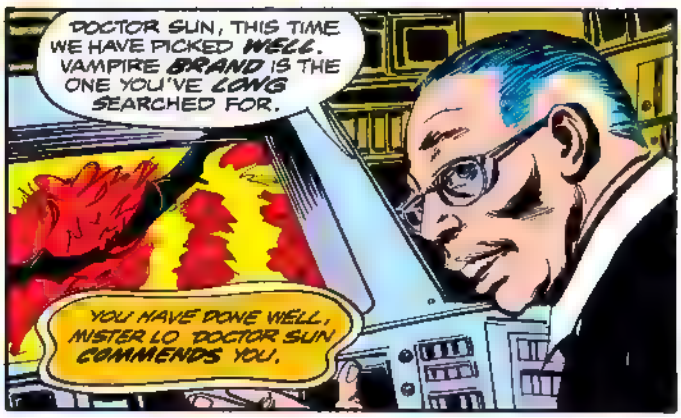

WE ARE SO FAR FROM CIVILIZATION HERE THAT NONE SHALL EVER FIND THIS.
AH, VAN HELSING AWAKENS. GOOD-- I WAS WONDERING WHEN THE PAIN WOULD SUBSIDE. I KNEW YOU TO BE ONLY UN-CONSCIOUS.
MY LEG-- I CAN'T MOVE-- I THINK IT'S BROKEN.
RRIIIP
THAT WILL NOT DO ON THE LONG JOURNEY BEFORE US. YOU'LL NEED A BANDAGE.
NO-- LEAVE IT ALONE! YOU'RE HURTING IT.
SILENCE, WOMAN-- UNTIL THIS HEALS YOU'LL HAVE TO LIVE WITH PAIN--
--WHICH MAY KEEP YOUR MIND OFF ATTACKING ME FOR AWHILE.
NOW COME WITH ME. IF WE ARE TO REACH OTHER HUMANS, WE MUST BEGIN.
FOR I KNOW THESE MOUNTAINS WELL, AND IT IS AT LEAST A FOUR-NIGHT JOURNEY TO EVEN THE SMALLEST OF VILLAGES.
WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS FOR ME? WHY DIDN'T YOU JUST TAKE MY BLOOD AND BE DONE WITH IT?
YOU'VE WANTED ME DEAD FOR YEARS.
I STILL DO, MY DEAR-- BUT COMMON SENSE TELLS ME NOT TO GIVE IN TO MY LUSTS--
--IF I WERE TO TAKE YOUR BLOOD NOW, I MAY NOT FIND ANY FOR DAYS--
--THUS, MY DEAR-- YOU ARE BEING KEPT ALIVE AS AN EMERGENCY MEASURE--
--TO BE READY TO DIE WHEN THERE IS NO OTHER COURSE.
HA
HA
HA
HA
THINK ON THAT, MY DEAR VAN HELSING, AND YOU SHALL SEE THE FUTILITY OF YOUR SITUATION.

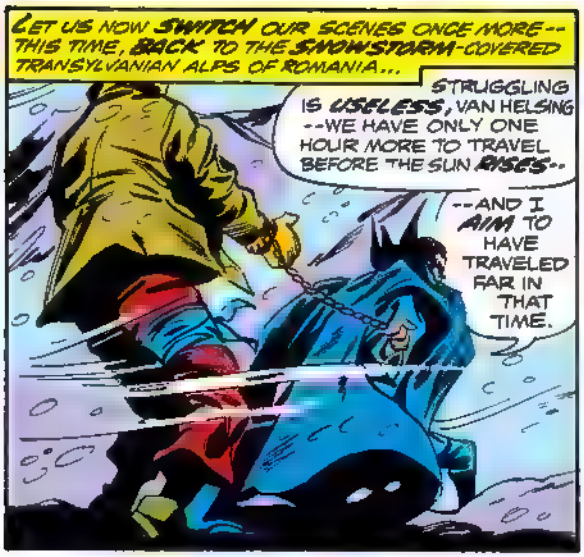

ENJOYING YOUR MEAL, VAN HELSING? GOOD! I WISH YOU TO BE HEALTHY WHEN I HAVE NEED OF YOU.
IF YOU'RE THINKING OF FATTENING ME UP FOR THE FINAL SLAUGHTER, DRACULA, YOU'VE GOT A LOT TO LEARN--
--I DON'T DIE EASY, VAMPIRE-- BELIEVE ME, I DON'T DIE EASY.
LITTLE MATTER, VAN HELSING, IF THERE'S A STRUGGLE, I WILL EVENTUALLY WIN. IN THE LONG VIEW, I HAVE ALWAYS WON MY BATTLES.
MAYBE NOT THIS TIME, DRACULA. THE SUN WILL BE UP SOON, AND WHEN YOU GO TO SLEEP, NOT EVEN MY BROKEN LEG WILL STOP ME FROM SLAYING YOU.
AND IF I CAN'T SLAY YOU, THEN I'LL KILL MYSELF-- IN SUCH A WAY YOU'LL GET NO BLOOD FROM ME.
YOU MUST TAKE ME FOR A RAVING LUNATIC, MY DEAR. YOU KNOW AS I DO THAT YOU'LL NEVER KILL YOURSELF--
--NOT UNTIL THE FINAL MOMENT YOU ARE POSITIVE YOUR DEATH WOULD CAUSE MY OWN.
AFTER ALL, 'DOCTOR' VAN HELSING-- YOU'D WANT TO MAKE ABSOLUTELY SURE THAT I COULD NOT FIND MY OWN BLOOD SUPPLY.
DO NOT TRY LYING TO A MASTER LIAR, WOMAN, IT WILL DO YOU NO GOOD.
RACHEL VAN HELSING SMILES IN ANSWER TO DRACULA. SHE HAS 'READ' THE VAMPIRE WELL, AND PREDICTED HIS REMARKS...
...WHICH NOW GIVES HER TIME TO PLAN HER REAL COURSE OF ACTION.
AND GIVES US TIME TO SWITCH OUR FOCUSES ELSEWHERE... TO THE NOTHERN IRISH COASTLINE, AND A DARK FORBODING PAGODA...
VAMPIRE BRAND, YOU HAVE PASSED ALL THE TESTS GIVEN TO YOU BY DOCTOR SUN..
-- NOW ONLY THE FINAL ONE REMAINS.

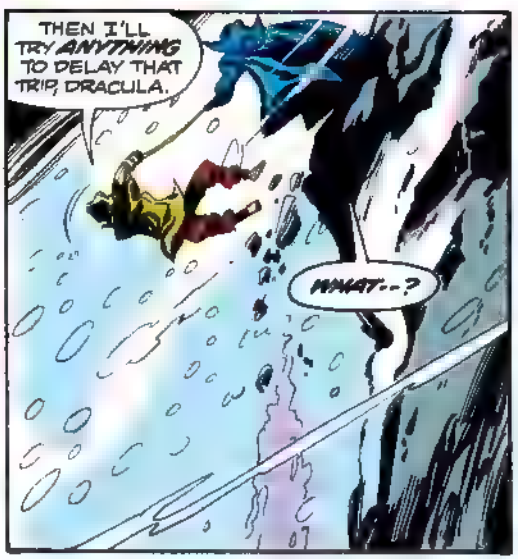
DOCTOR SUN DEMANDS YOU FLY THROUGH THE BURNING HOOPS, A TASK NOT AS EASY AS IT SEEMS, VAMPIRE--
--FOR THE HOOPS ARE LINED WITH GARLIC, AND SHOULD YOUR FLIGHT NOT BE PERFECT AND YOU MERELY TOUCH THE HOOP'S SIDE--
--YOU WILL BE INSTANTLY DESTROYED.

BEGIN NOW, VAMPIRE. YOU HAVE BUT THREE SECONDS TO COMPLETE THE FINAL TEST.
--I SHALL-- OBEY DOCTOR SUN.


THE CLEANSING FIRE BURNS THE EBONY FLESH ON THE VAMPIRE BAT'S WING, AND THERE IS PAIN...
...BUT EVEN WITH THE CONSTANT THROBBING, IT GLIDES THROUGH THE FIRE--WITHOUT TOUCHING THE STEEL HOOPS WITHIN.


DOCTOR SUN, THIS TIME WE HAVE PICKED WELL. VAMPIRE BRAND IS THE ONE YOU'VE LONG SEARCHED FOR.
YOU HAVE DONE WELL, MISTER LO. DOCTOR SUN COMMENDS YOU.


LET US NOW SWITCH OUR SCENES ONCE MORE--THIS TIME, BACK TO THE SNOWSTORM-COVERED TRANSYLVANIAN ALPS OF ROMANIA...
STRUGGLING IS USELESS, VAN HELSING --WE HAVE ONLY ONE HOUR MORE TO TRAVEL BEFORE THE SUN RISES--
--AND I AIM TO HAVE TRAVELED FAR IN THAT TIME.


THEN I'LL TRY ANYTHING TO DELAY THAT TRIP, DRACULA.
WHAT--?

RACHEL VAN HELSING FLINGS HERSELF FROM THE SNOW-BOUND PEAK, AND FALLS... TAKING A SUDDENLY OFF-BALANCE DRACULA DOWN WITH HER...
WITCH! BECAUSE OF YOU WE MIGHT BOTH BE DOOMED.
BUT RACHEL DOESN'T ANSWER, INSTEAD, DRACULA IS STARTLED TO HEAR A HIGH PITCHED AND MOCKING LAUGH ECHO 'TWEEN THE JUTTING PEAKS OF THE TRANSYLVANIAN ALPS...

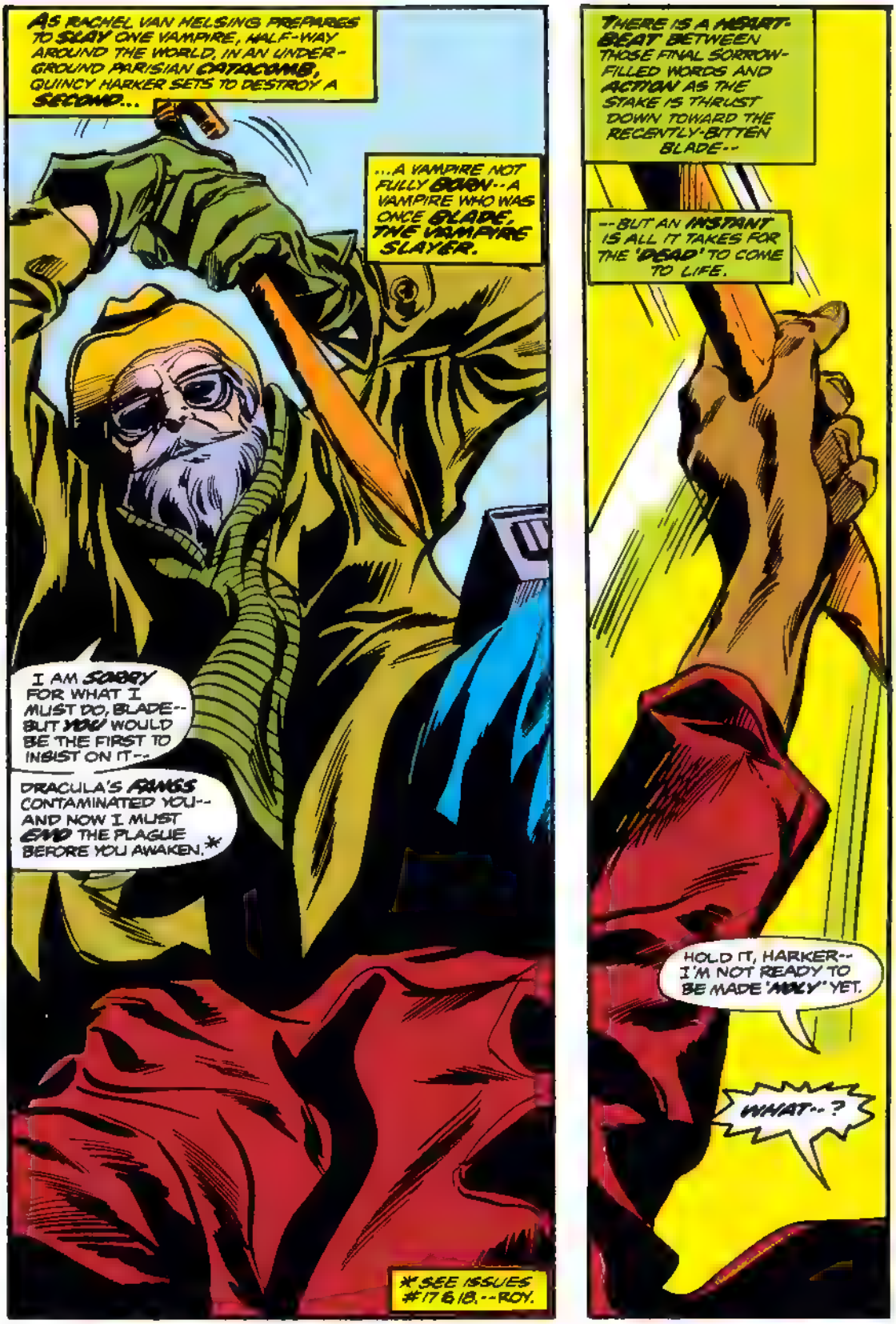
DOWN THEY CONTINUE TO PLUNGE, UNTIL THEY COME TO A SUDDEN AND DEADLY HALT--
--AS THE ROPE SNAPS TAUT ABOUT THE ROCK WHICH RACHEL TIED IT TO MOMENTS BEFORE--
THUNK

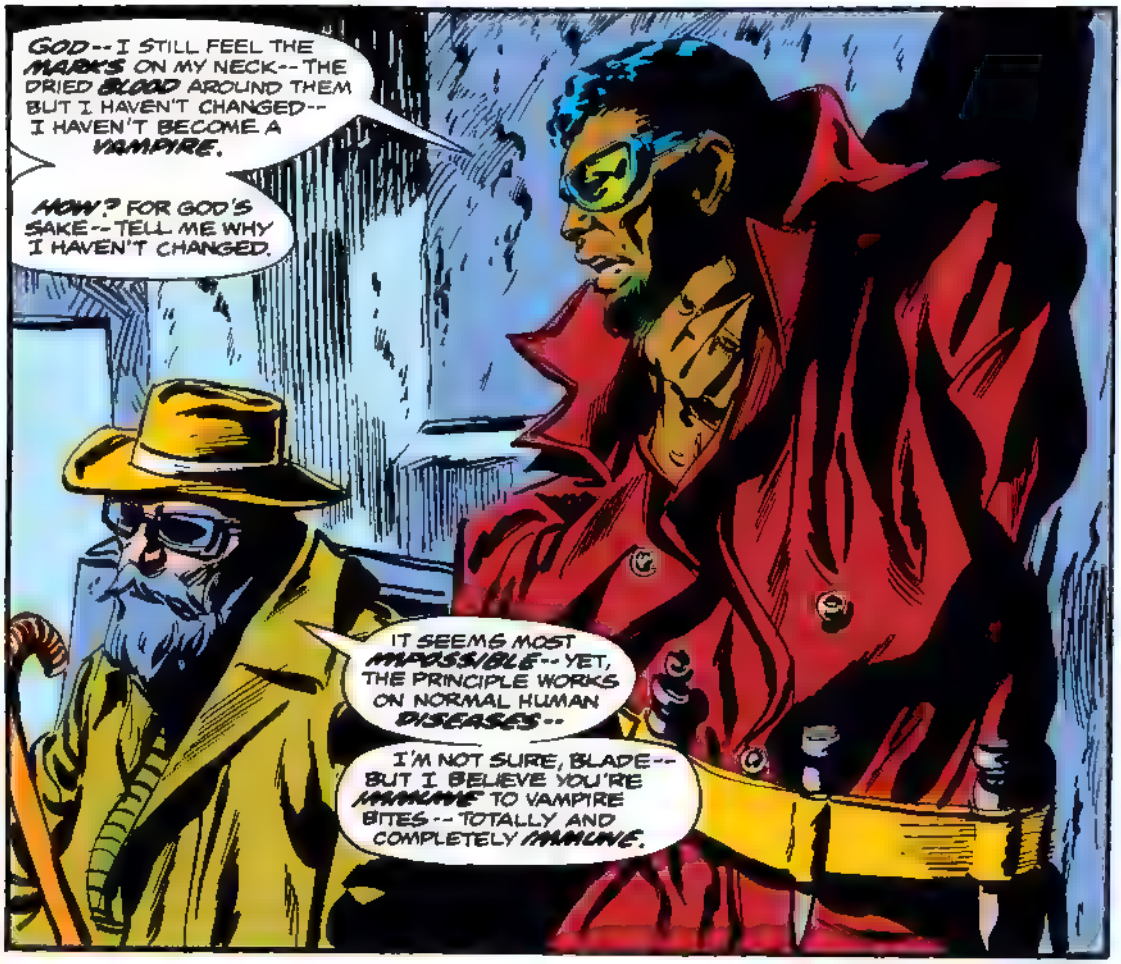
IS THIS ANOTHER LIE FROM THE PRINCE OF LIARS, DRACULA?
NO--I THINK YOU'LL KEEP ME ALIVE AND RISK MORE TROUBLES THAN HAVE ME DEAD AND PERHAPS KILL YOURSELF AS WELL.
REALLY, MY DEAR? I DOUBT THAT. YOU SEE, EVEN IF I AM DEAD, ONE OF MY LEGIONS WILL FIND ME-- AND RESURRECT ME

--ASSURING HERSELF A DELAY IN THEIR TRAVELS-- BUT NOT A DEADLY ONE.
LAUGH IF YOU WISH, WOMAN-- BUT YOU'RE TRYING MY PATIENCE TOO FAR--
I MAY YET TASTE YOUR BLOOD AND TAKE MY CHANCES ALONE.

HA! HA! HA! FRUSTRATED, DEAR VAN HELSING? I KNEW YOU WOULD BE
HUMANS ALWAYS FIND IT IMPOSSIBLE TO ACCEPT A BEING WHO CAN LIVE FOREVER.

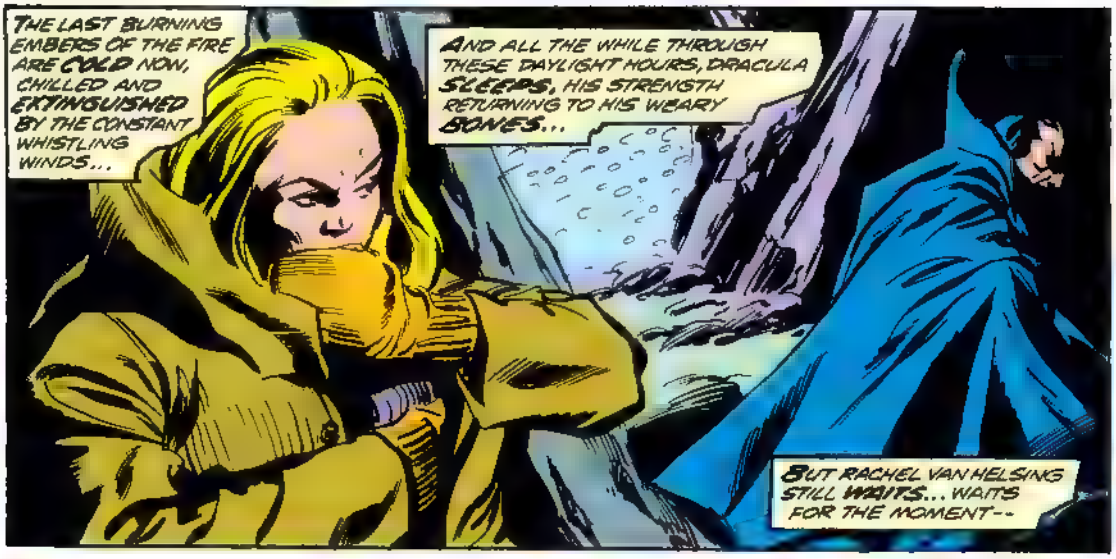
IMMORTALITY FRIGHTENS THOSE WHO FAIL TO UNDERSTAND IT COMPLETELY--THEY BELIEVE THERE IS BOREDOM, TEDIUM--BUT THEY FAIL TO SEE ITS STRENGTHS...
PERHAPS YOU SHOULD LEARN WHAT IT MEANS TO TASTE ETERNITY ON YOUR LIPS.
PERHAPS YOU SHOULD KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO LIVE THROUGH THE AGES--NEVER GROWING OLDER--NEVER FEARING AGE.
WOULD YOU LIKE THAT, VAN HELSING--WOULD YOU LIKE THAT?
WELL, WORRY NOT THIS NIGHT, MY DEAR--YOU'LL NOT BECOME A VAMPIRE UNTIL I CAN RESIST THE BLOODLUST NO MORE--
NOW, INTO THIS CAVE--WE WILL SPEND THE MORNING'S HOURS HERE
THERE SHALL BE ANOTHER LONG NIGHT TOMORROW, VAN HELSING--SO PLOT NOT TO SLAY ME--AND REST INSTEAD.
YOU WILL NEED YOUR SLEEP.
HER BODY ACHING WITH PAIN, RACHEL VAN HELSING CLOSES HER EYES--BUT NOT TO SLEEP. SHE STILL HAS A MISSION TO PERFORM THIS MORNING--AND SHE WILL NOT REST UNTIL THE DEED IS DONE.
AND SO, SHE VOWS, DRACULA WILL DIE, AND HIS ASHES WILL BE SCATTERED AS A SACRIFICE TO THE RAGING WINDS OUTSIDE.


AS RACHEL VAN HELSING PREPARES TO SLAY ONE VAMPIRE, HALF-WAY AROUND THE WORLD, IN AN UNDER-GROUND PARISIAN CATACOMB, QUINCY HARKER SETS TO DESTROY A SECOND...
...A VAMPIRE NOT FULLY BORN--A VAMPIRE WHO WAS ONCE BLADE, THE VAMPIRE SLAYER.
I AM SORRY FOR WHAT I MUST DO, BLADE--BUT YOU WOULD BE THE FIRST TO INSIST ON IT--
DRACULA'S ARMS CONTAMINATED YOU--AND NOW I MUST END THE PLAGUE BEFORE YOU AWAKEN.*
*SEE ISSUES #17 & 18.--ROY.
THERE IS A HEART-BEAT BETWEEN THOSE FINAL SORROW-FILLED WORDS AND ACTION AS THE STAKE IS THRUST DOWN TOWARD THE RECENTLY-BITTEN BLADE--
--BUT AN INSTANT IS ALL IT TAKES FOR THE 'DEAD' TO COME TO LIFE.
HOLD IT, HARKER--I'M NOT READY TO BE MADE 'MOLY' YET.
WHAT--?

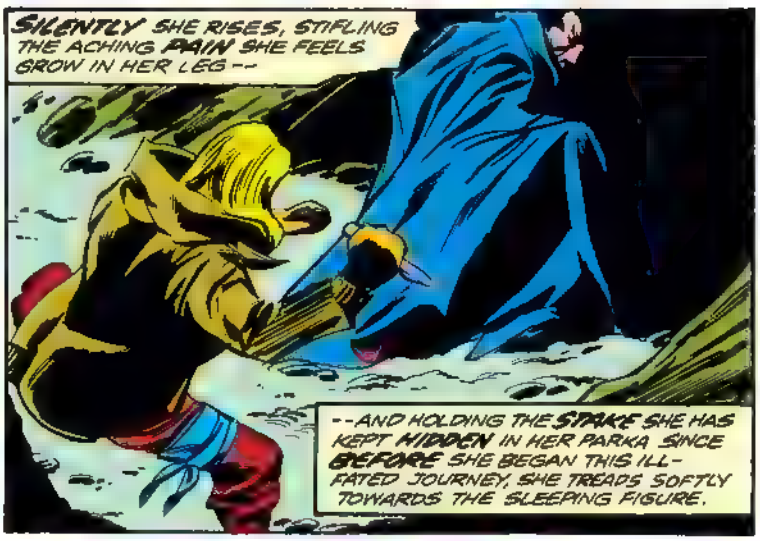

GOD -- I STILL FEEL THE MARKS ON MY NECK -- THE DRIED BLOOD AROUND THEM BUT I HAVEN'T CHANGED -- I HAVEN'T BECOME A VAMPIRE.
HOW? FOR GOD'S SAKE -- TELL ME WHY I HAVEN'T CHANGED.
IT SEEMS MOST IMPOSSIBLE -- YET, THE PRINCIPLE WORKS ON NORMAL HUMAN DISEASES --
I'M NOT SURE, BLADE -- BUT I BELIEVE YOU'RE IMMUNE TO VAMPIRE BITES -- TOTALLY AND COMPLETELY IMMUNE.

YOU MEAN BECAUSE MY MOTHER WAS KILLED BY A VAMPIRE WHILE SHE WAS IN LABOR -- WHILE I WAS BEING BORN?
SO THAT MEANS THERE'S SOME VAMPIRE BLOOD IN ME -- NOT ENOUGH TO CHANGE ME -- BUT JUST ENOUGH TO GIVE ME IMMUNITY.

OKAY, HARKER -- I DON'T GIVE A FLYING HOOT IF THAT'S THE REASON I'M LIVIN' OR NOT --
-- BUT IF I'M IMMUNE THEN MOTHIN'S GONNA STOP ME NOW, BABY --
-- NOTHIN'!

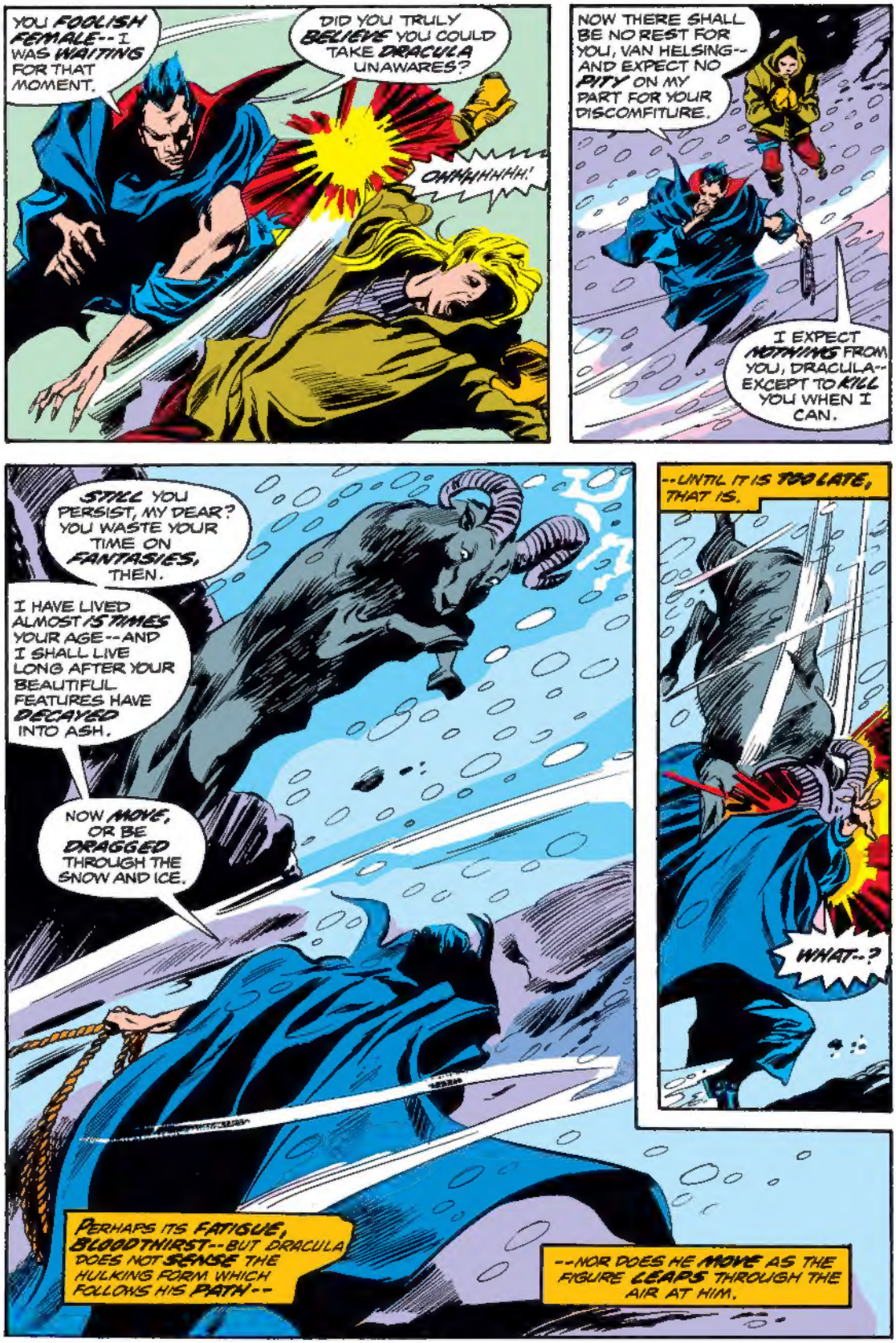

THE LAST BURNING EMBERS OF THE FIRE ARE COLD NOW, CHILLED AND EXTINGUISHED BY THE CONSTANT WHISTLING WINDS...
AND ALL THE WHILE THROUGH THESE DAYLIGHT HOURS, DRACULA SLEEPS, HIS STRENGTH RETURNING TO HIS WEARY BONES...
BUT RACHEL VAN HELSING STILL WAITS... WAITS FOR THE MOMENT--

--SHE WILL FINALLY SLAY THE DREADED LORD OF VAMPIRES.
AND, AT LONG LAST, THAT MOMENT IS NOW.

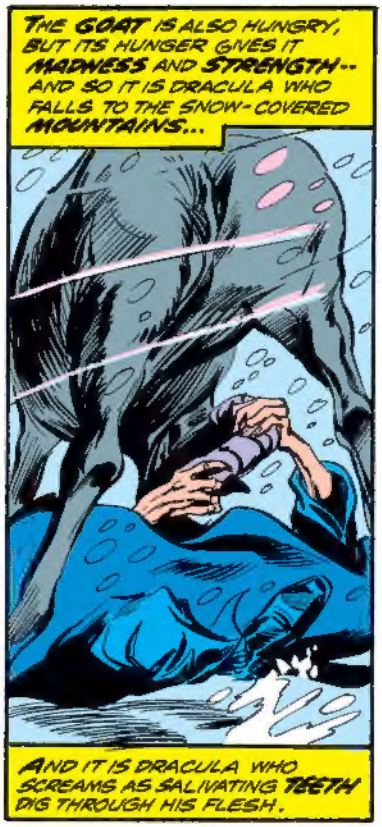

SILENTLY SHE RISES, STIFLING THE ACHING PAIN SHE FEELS GROW IN HER LEG --
--AND HOLDING THE STAKE SHE HAS KEPT HIDDEN IN HER PARKA SINCE BEFORE SHE BEGAN THIS ILL-FATED JOURNEY, SHE TREADS SOFTLY TOWARDS THE SLEEPING FIGURE.

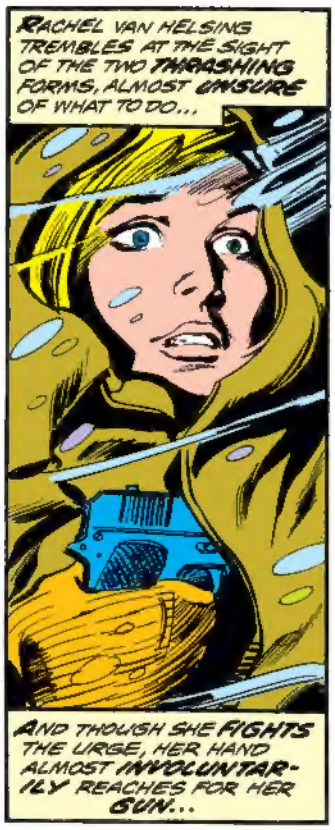
HE DOESN'T MOVE--THERE SEEMS TO BE NO AWARENESS, AND SO THE STAKE IS RAISED HIGH--
--AND, WITH A BITTER SMILE ON HER LIPS, SHE THRUSTS DOWN!

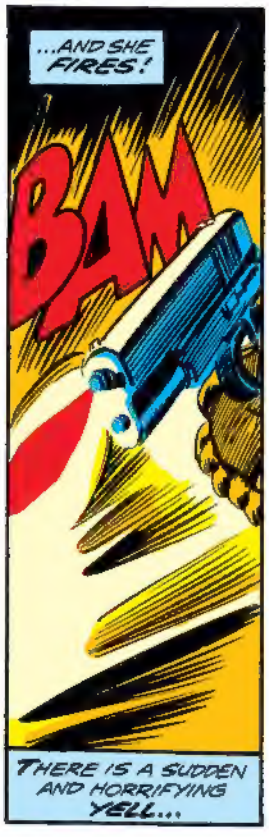
--AND MISSES!


YOU FOOLISH FEMALE--I WAS WAITING FOR THAT MOMENT.
DID YOU TRULY BELIEVE YOU COULD TAKE DRACULA UNAWARES?
OHHHHHHH!
NOW THERE SHALL BE NO REST FOR YOU, VAN HELSING--AND EXPECT NO PITY ON MY PART FOR YOUR DISCOMFITURE.
I EXPECT NOTHING FROM YOU, DRACULA--EXCEPT TO KILL YOU WHEN I CAN.
STILL YOU PERSIST, MY DEAR? YOU WASTE YOUR TIME ON FANTASIES, THEN.
I HAVE LIVED ALMOST 15 TIMES YOUR AGE--AND I SHALL LIVE LONG AFTER YOUR BEAUTIFUL FEATURES HAVE DECAYED INTO ASH.
NOW MOVE, OR BE DRAGGED THROUGH THE SNOW AND ICE.
--UNTIL IT IS TOO LATE, THAT IS.
WHAT--?
PERHAPS ITS FATIGUE, BLOODTHIRST--BUT DRACULA DOES NOT SENSE THE HULKING FORM WHICH FOLLOWS HIS PATH--
--NOR DOES HE MOVE AS THE FIGURE LEAPS THROUGH THE AIR AT HIM.

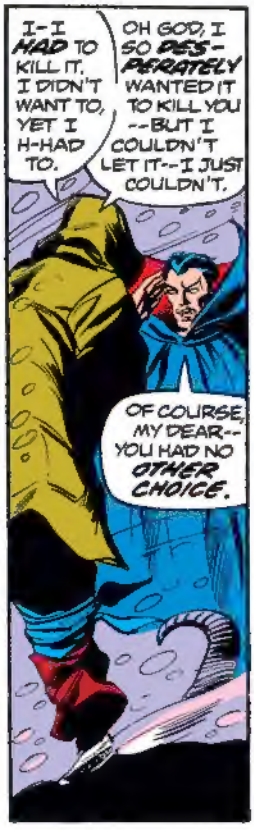
THE GREAT BEAST ATTACKS, AND UNLIKE ITS BROTHER TUR WHICH DRACULA HAD EARLIER FELLED, THIS ONE FIGHTS ON.
THE LORD OF VAMPIRES HAS BEEN TOO LONG WITHOUT BLOOD.. TOO LONG WITHOUT THE STRENGTH IT GIVES, AND THE BEAST SENSES THE WEAKNESS IN ITS PREY.

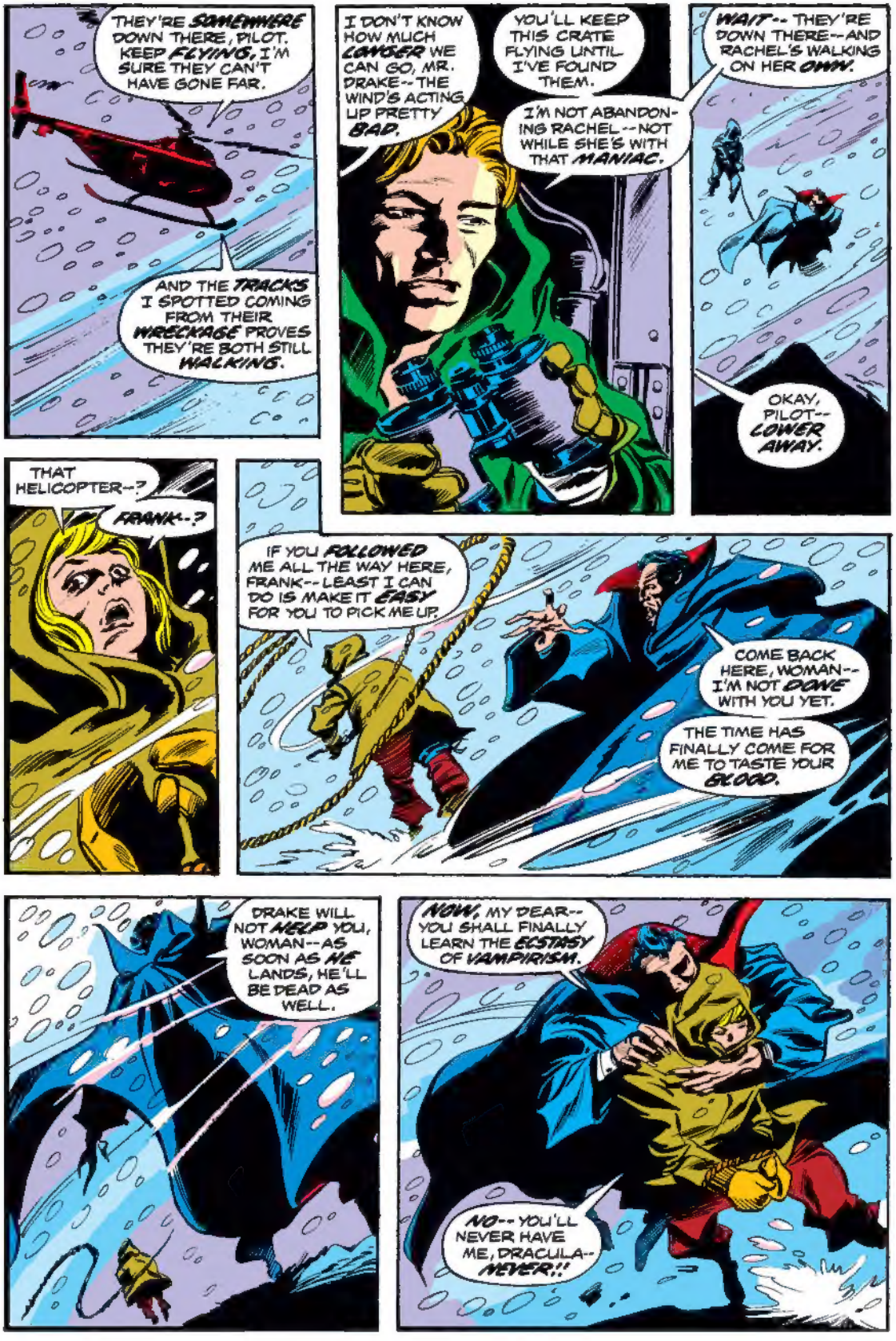

THE GOAT IS ALSO HUNGRY, BUT ITS HUNGER GIVES IT MADNESS AND STRENGTH-- AND SO IT IS DRACULA WHO FALLS TO THE SNOW-COVERED MOUNTAINS...
AND IT IS DRACULA WHO SCREAMS AS SALIVATING TEETH DIG THROUGH HIS FLESH.

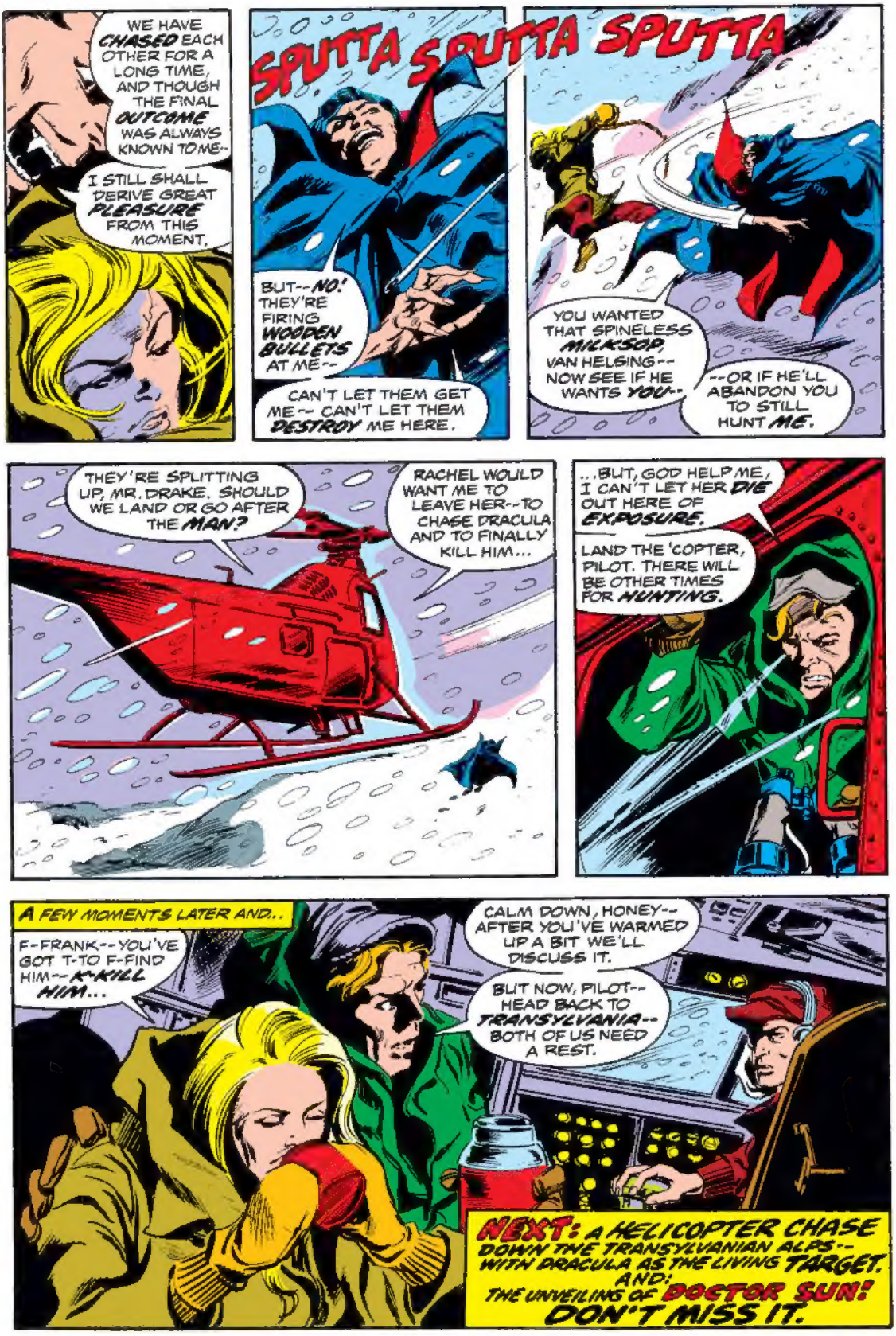

RACHEL VAN HELSING TREMBLES AT THE SIGHT OF THE TWO THRASHING FORMS, ALMOST UNSURE OF WHAT TO DO...
AND THOUGH SHE FIGHTS THE URGE, HER HAND ALMOST INVOLUNTARILY REACHES FOR HER GUN...


...AND SHE FIRES!
BAM
THERE IS A SUDDEN AND HORRIFYING YELL...

--AND THE GREAT WHITE TUR FALLS BACK--
--DEAD!


I-I HAD TO KILL IT, I DIDN'T WANT TO, YET I H-HAD TO.
OH GOD, I SO DESPERATELY WANTED IT TO KILL YOU --BUT I COULDN'T LET IT--I JUST COULDN'T.
OF COURSE, MY DEAR-- YOU HAD NO OTHER CHOICE.


THEY'RE SOMEWHERE DOWN THERE, PILOT. KEEP FLYING, I'M SURE THEY CAN'T HAVE GONE FAR.
AND THE TRACKS I SPOTTED COMING FROM THEIR WRECKAGE PROVES THEY'RE BOTH STILL WALKING.
I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH LONGER WE CAN GO, MR. DRAKE--THE WIND'S ACTING UP PRETTY BAD.
YOU'LL KEEP THIS CRATE FLYING UNTIL I'VE FOUND THEM.
I'M NOT ABANDONING RACHEL--NOT WHILE SHE'S WITH THAT MANIAC.
WAIT-- THEY'RE DOWN THERE--AND RACHEL'S WALKING ON HER OWN.
OKAY, PILOT-- LOWER AWAY.
THAT HELICOPTER--?
FRANK--?
IF YOU FOLLOWED ME ALL THE WAY HERE, FRANK--LEAST I CAN DO IS MAKE IT EASY FOR YOU TO PICK ME UP.
COME BACK HERE, WOMAN-- I'M NOT DONE WITH YOU YET.
THE TIME HAS FINALLY COME FOR ME TO TASTE YOUR BLOOD.
DRAKE WILL NOT HELP YOU, WOMAN--AS SOON AS HE LANDS, HE'LL BE DEAD AS WELL.
NOW, MY DEAR-- YOU SHALL FINALLY LEARN THE ECSTASY OF VAMPIRISM.
NO-- YOU'LL NEVER HAVE ME, DRACULA-- NEVER!!


WE HAVE CHASED EACH OTHER FOR A LONG TIME, AND THOUGH THE FINAL OUTCOME WAS ALWAYS KNOWN TO ME--
I STILL SHALL DERIVE GREAT PLEASURE FROM THIS MOMENT.
SPUTTA SPUTTA
BUT--NO! THEY'RE FIRING WOODEN BULLETS AT ME--
CAN'T LET THEM GET ME-- CAN'T LET THEM DESTROY ME HERE.
SPUTTA
YOU WANTED THAT SPINELESS MILKSOP, VAN HELSING--NOW SEE IF HE WANTS YOU--
--OR IF HE'LL ABANDON YOU TO STILL HUNT ME.
THEY'RE SPLITTING UP, MR. DRAKE. SHOULD WE LAND OR GO AFTER THE MAN?
RACHEL WOULD WANT ME TO LEAVE HER--TO CHASE DRACULA AND TO FINALLY KILL HIM...
...BUT, GOD HELP ME, I CAN'T LET HER DIE OUT HERE OF EXPOSURE.
LAND THE 'COPTER, PILOT. THERE WILL BE OTHER TIMES FOR HUNTING.
A FEW MOMENTS LATER AND..
F-FRANK--YOU'VE GOT T-TO F-FIND HIM--K-KILL HIM...
CALM DOWN, HONEY--AFTER YOU'VE WARMED UP A BIT WE'LL DISCUSS IT.
BUT NOW, PILOT--HEAD BACK TO TRANSYLVANIA--BOTH OF US NEED A REST.
NEXT: A HELICOPTER CHASE DOWN THE TRANSYLVANIAN ALPS--WITH DRACULA AS THE LIVING TARGET. AND: THE UNVEILING OF DOCTOR SUN! DON'T MISS IT.